

VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

ORSON S. MURRAY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

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EXTRACTS.

From the fourth annual report of the executive committee of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, presented at its anniversary in Philadelphia, June 7th, and 8th, 1836.

As the Trustees of the charities of the Church and agents of an important institution, the Executive Committee are again called upon to make to the Society, and through them to the Christian community at large a faithful exposure of their doings for the year now just expired.

AGENCIES.

The Committee regret that their plan in this department, the past year, has been but partially carried into effect. They divided the Atlantic States into agency fields, and then sought diligently for men to occupy them. It is no easy matter to find men exactly adapted to this service—men, who are able so to present their object to the understanding and heart, as to elicit the liberal contributions, and the fervent prayers of the people. The giver, the almoner, and the ultimate recipient, are then, all blessed, but the first must. Nor will he at a future time, dread the recurrence of an application.

Besides the service in this department rendered by the Secretaries, who have collected or got subscribed, nearly \$6000, principally in the city of New-York, the States of New-Jersey, South Carolina and Georgia, four brethren have been employed small portions of the year, viz: Rev. Ezra Goetz, in Maine; Rev. Timothy Spaulding, (since gone as a missionary to the West,) in Vermont; he was succeeded in this field during the winter, by Rev. Alvin Bailey from Illinois; and Rev. Horace A. Wilcox, in Connecticut and Rhode Island.

In addition to these, others have been appointed by the conventions of the States of New-York, Massachusetts, and New-Hampshire, respectively, to raise funds with which to redeem the pledges severally given by them to our treasury. Their agents, therefore, are performing work for us, and they might with propriety be enrolled upon our lists. It is but an act of justice to the first named Convention here to acknowledge the receipt, at an early day, of the amount of their noble pledge, of ten thousand dollars! This is the best guarantee that their still more generous resolution of twelve thousand dollars, this year, will early be accomplished!

MISSIONARY AGENTS.

It is proper in this connection to advert briefly to another class of laborers in the employ of the Society, denominated *Missionary Agents*. Their business is usually unlike that of the missionary, inasmuch as they have no charge of specific churches; and unlike also that of an agent, inasmuch as the collection of funds is not their principal employment, and what they do collect is paid into the treasuries of the local societies. They have for a field, perhaps a State or Territory; they travel extensively; encourage feeble churches; assist them to procure pastors when practicable; seek out new fields of labor; preach, and give tone, and direction, and impetus to the general cause, and keep the Committee informed of any thing that may be profitable for them to know. Such is our indefatigable brother, Rev. Ebenezer Loomis, of Ohio, late of Michigan. He has travelled the last year (and mostly on foot) four thousand five hundred and five miles, preached two hundred and ninety-seven sermons, solicited funds extensively, baptized several, besides performing other ministerial labor. Brethren J. M. Peck, Moses Lemon, Samuel Love, Reuben Winchell and Peter Chase, are also appointed in a similar capacity in Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, and in the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; but as most of their appointments are of very recent date, or their returns imperfect, we cannot speak definitely of their labors.

To be Continued.

From the Mother's Monthly Journal.

THE DYING MOTHER.

'Tis good, in this world of selfishness and trial to step aside from the busy crowds that are in pursuit of wealth, of honor and of pleasure, and to visit the house of sorrow. 'Tis not simply that we ourselves may be warned to prepare for moments of

affliction, and for the dying hour; but that we may be brought into circumstances in which our hearts shall feel emotions of sympathy and pity. In every worldly condition there is much to harden our feelings; to make us distrustful of one another, and cause us to retire, with feelings approaching to misanthropy, within ourselves. We have been so often cheated, that even hope, with her bright pencilings, can scarce make the future of this state of being appear desirable.

The constant repetition of the divine bounty, coming, as it does, by day and by night, at home and abroad—from the cradle-mourning of our being, even to the grave of old age—has a tendency to make us feel that all these things are matters of course, and induce a habit of heart far different from that glowing gratitude which man should feel towards his heavenly Friend. And in our necessary intercourse with the world, while performing these duties upon which depends temporal support, we are obliged to be so careful to guard against injustice from others, that selfishness finds additional occasion for gaining strength. Therefore, we may repeat, "there is much in every worldly condition to harden our feelings."

To the individual that has once enjoyed the luxury of a feeling heart, the means by which that priceless treasure may be regained, will be deemed of no trifling value. That blessedness which filled his bosom when in the exercise of holy sympathy comes sweetly to his memory, like breezes from the spice island of Hope and Love! He longs for that blessedness again, and no matter what his worldly riches may be, he at times will exclaim, "Oh! give me back my heart, and all its sweet tide of better feeling, and take again your gold and honor, and sensual delight."

To the house of mourning and suffering it were well, then, that men should often go—for there the object to which we have alluded may the most readily be found.

But one Sabbath's sun was gone down, since the grave was closed upon one from whom I had received a salutary lesson of the kind referred to. It was that of a tender mother, with whom I had long had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance. Her lot had been cast in the middling walks of life; but she possessed qualities that ever throw beauty around the female character, no matter whether they be found in the saloon of wealth, or in the cabin of poverty.

A few months since she found herself wasting away by a rapid consumption, and her approach to the grave was marked and certain.

As she looked out upon the seared leaves of autumn, feelings far different from those she had ever before experienced filled her heart. Once the forest tints were a gladdening sight; and once the sweeping winds that whistled around her dwelling whispered of fire-side comforts, and of a happy group around her winter hearth. Now, it was far different. She looked upon her waisting form, and upon the cheek's hectic flush, and felt within her heart, that with those forest leaves she too would fall, and that the cold winds would sing a requiem over her narrow pulchre. The graveyard was but a little distance from her chamber, and even this, brought the reality more sensibly to her bosom. To her, earth's times and seasons were nearly passed—the beautiful budgings of the spring, and the golden riches of the autumn, she should gaze upon no more. They were all gone to her, and her spirit was about to wing its way to untold scenes! But what to a mother's love were these considerations? To that heart, which for its children's sake, ever forgets itself—For herself, it would be sweet to die—to lose herself in a Saviour's love;—to mount up and listen to the converse of celestial beings;—to pass within that hallowed veil, where holiness, peace, immortal youth, and CHRIST, forever dwell. This was a prospect of unutterable joy. But, the "iron," entered into her soul, when she thought of her children.

Often would she gather the little group around her, and press them closer and closer to her beating bosom. "What will become of you, my boy, when I am dead?" would she exclaim, when looking upon her first born; upon him who had first awakened in her bosom a mother's peculiar love. Well may that love be called peculiar. Its origin is earlier, is different from that of another's love. It begins with the life of the object. She drinks in its rosy, baby breath; its earliest kiss is hers;—its first smile is lit up in an answer to her smile, as she bends over it in its cradle hours. She gave it being—she is its mother!

Then would others of her little flock gather to her side, and, as she kissed them over and over again with her thin lips, her bosom would beat with intense anxiety. And shall we pardon her for feeling thus, in these her hours of feebleness? She had marked the uncertainty which attends the choice of second mothers. She knew that no hand would be to them as soft as her's, when their heads should be laid upon the pillow of sickness; and that no eye would watch so sleeplessly, and no heart feel so tenderly their wear or woe in this world, as would her's. And can we blame the dying mother for that tear, for fear that when she should be gone, they might suffer for want of that attention to food and raiment which she had been wont to be-

stow? No—sainted mother! the tear that coursed down your cheek in this behalf, even was of precious price for its birth-place was in a fountain as sacred as it is perennial.

Thus passed onward to the grave, this affectionate woman. At length she was enabled to cast her burden, and all her care, upon Him who is more than willing to bear the sorrows of every one. In the word of God, she found many rich and precious promises—promises that seemed singularly adapted to her condition and fears as a mother. These she pressed closely to her throbbing bosom, and they gave her perfect peace until the silver cord was loosed, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the spirit had gone to God who gave it. These promises I propose to group together in a future communication; and as your Journal shall go out upon its errand of love, it may, perchance, find its way to the chamber where some dying mother is agitated with similar fears, and pressed down with similar sorrows.

Another topic, brought forcibly to my mind by the interview referred to, was this—the duty of surviving parents to the children of their deceased friends. When I pressed this dying mother's hand, and told her that I would try to counsel and watch over her loved ones, when she should be gone, her pale cheek crimsoned with a hectic glow, and her eye beamed forth a ray of joy. And if to her this promise gave aught of happiness, surely I may have the privilege of enforcing the same duty upon others. For this purpose, may I, at some future time, claim a page in your Journal?

A FATHER.

From Abbott's Magazine.

A DAY IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The present General Assembly is composed of about two hundred and fifty ministers and elders. These representatives of the churches are among the most eminent for intelligence and piety. They are nearly equally divided into two parties, called "old school" and "new school." The old school men select the Rev. Albert Barnes, for prosecution, simply as the representative of the new school, and the new school admit the justice of the selection by endorsing substantially the system of faith which Mr. Barnes inculcates. These sentiments the old school men declare to be subversive of the doctrines of the Gospel, and ruinous to the souls of men. Consequently one half of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States, are, in the declared opinion of the other half, preaching disastrous error, and bringing spiritual desolation upon the churches. Such men as Dr. Beecher, Dr. Skinner, Dr. Peters, Professor Stuart, and nearly the whole host of the New-England clergy, are heretics, not preaching the Gospel of Christ, but scattering seed-destroying heresy through the land. It is admitted that these men may be sincere and even pious, while it is most strenuously contended that the sentiments which they hold and teach, are so dishonorable to God, and so ruinous to the spiritual welfare of man, that the holders of them should receive the severe rebuke of the church, and be deposed from the ministry.

While listening to the debates this morning, I was forcibly struck with the following considerations:

1. How evident is it that Christians have not in view political aggrandizement. If it were their object to obtain political power, to unite church and state, is it conceivable that they would allow some almost unintelligible point of doctrine to divide their strength? A political man will generally go all lengths with his party. But it seems that Christians will contend for what they deem the truth, with friends as readily as with foes. They will at once break up their organizations, and dissipate, in an instant, their united power, rather than allow any sentiments to prevail which they consider injurious to the souls of men.

2. It is said the debates in the General Assembly are frequently sullied with bitter and irritated feelings. But let one listen to an excited debate in Congress, and then to an excited debate in the General Assembly—see them in the one place, exhausting the power of vituperative language, in deliberate and premeditated discussion, and then not unfrequently proceeding from abuse to profanity, and thence to the disgraceful assault, or the still more criminal duel; and see them in the other case, courteous and respectful, never giving utterance to a profane expression, and never proceeding to the hostile meeting, and no one can deny that religion does at least present some restraint to the passions of men. Such verbal encounters as are of almost daily occurrence at the bar, and on the floor of Congress, are never witnessed in the General Assembly. Though there probably seldom has been a collection of men assembled, under more anxious and excited feeling, I did not hear a disrespectful remark. Even Dr. Junkin, and apparently all the old school men, admitted the honesty and sincerity of Mr. Barnes, and expressed their admiration of his talents, and his elevated character. And, on the other hand, Mr. Barnes and his friends, though stung in the most thrilling nerves of feeling, questioned not the motives of those who thus assailed them.

I was once in our National Hall of Representatives during a season of great excitement, and the whole house was converted into a turbulent, roaring mob. I was in the General Assembly at a time of still greater excitement, when far deeper, and more soul-stirring feelings were called into exercise, and upon every countenance could be seen the struggle of intense emotion, but not a passionate word was uttered, not a right was trampled upon. There is a difference, marked and palpable, between the renewed and unrenewed heart.

3. I was most forcibly struck with the trifling nature of the difference between the two parties. Both parties believe that men

are naturally entirely destitute of holiness; that no one can be saved unless his heart be changed by the special influences of the Holy Spirit; that man's only hope of happiness is founded on the atonement which Christ has made for the sins of the world; that those who accept the terms of salvation through penitence and faith in Christ, and strive to live in prayerfulness and holy obedience, will be saved, while those who reject must be forever banished from the presence of God. The suspected heresy consists in some impalpable and microscopic conceptions respecting the transfer of original sin, and the mode in which that spirit operates, whose movements revelation informs us are as inscrutable as the winds. I was continually reminded, during the tedious discussion, of the remark which a very conscientious gentleman made in reply to the observation, that the difference between the two parties was so minute that it was almost impossible to learn what it was, and, therefore, it could not be worth such contention. "Ah," was the sincere reply, "there lies the chief danger; it is so insidious and concealed that it cannot be seen." Such errors had better be left alone.

4. Several, who wearied the Assembly with long speeches, apparently had not the most remote idea of the point in debate. They simply had got the impression that some great heresy, awful, mysterious, and unintelligible, was creeping into the church through the Rev. Albert Barnes, and that it was their duty, as good orthodox men, to contend firmly for the faith. It was painful, yet amusing, to see with what simple hearted and conscientious ignorance, they would beat the air, and cry aloud to a spirit which their own imagination had conjured.

5. There were some few individuals, who apparently saw the minute shade of difference between the two parties, and who sincerely believed, that though the difference appeared small, it in reality led to results so extensive and dangerous, that fidelity to the church demanded that they should contend against the latent error with firmness and decision. This number was, however, very small, and I am persuaded that not one half of the General Assembly can tell or understand the difference between Dr. Junkin and Mr. Barnes.

6. I was thoroughly convinced that Congregationalism avoids some difficulties which the Pre-bytarian form of church government must encounter. A clergyman in Philadelphia publishes a book, some sentences in which are, by some persons, deemed objectionable. The tocsin of alarm is sounded far and wide. The excitement reaches and pervades churches a thousand miles off. All along the courses of our great rivers, in our thronging and wicked cities, and in the new villages of the most remote sections of the country, there is a mustering for the ecclesiastical conflict. Agents of the different parties pass through the churches, to awaken sympathy and enlist effort. For months, the time and attention of pastors and people are turned from stemming the torrent of sin and reclaiming souls, to preparation for the approaching strife. They meet, and for a fortnight exhaust their time & strength in excited debate. Friends are estranged, and the seeds of dissension are spread far and wide. In the mean time, curiosity is strongly excited, and the book is scattered everywhere through the land by tens of thousands. The debate terminates, and the vote is taken. One half think the book a good one, the other half think it a bad one. Perhaps there is a majority of a score, on the one side or the other. The assembly then disperses, not with glowing hearts to promote the advancement of pure religion, but under the strong temptation of exulting in the triumph, or brooding over the defeat.

In a country like ours, extending over thousands of miles, there must be continually arising, in one section or another, occasions of dispute. These subjects must unavoidably be brought to the General Assembly—the great heart of the Presbyterian church—and thence be sent, in throbbing pulsations, through all the veins & arteries of this immense organization.

In Congregationalism, matters of local interest are confined to the place which gave them birth, and there are always enough of ready pens to appeal to the jurisdiction of argument, the only arbiter in matters of reason, whenever the faith delivered to the saints is in jeopardy.

In the present case, Mr. Barnes' appeal from the decision of the synod of Philadelphia, suspending him from the functions of the gospel ministry, was sustained by a majority of about forty. But as the synod in Philadelphia, being a party in the case, could not vote, the majority in the whole body, consisting of about two hundred and fifty, would be about twenty-five. The question, therefore, still remains, after all this agitation, precisely where it would be in Congregationalism without any of this contention—to be settled by an argumentative appeal to scripture.

GUILT THE SOURCE OF SORROW.—My father had been ill for a long time, and I had become so much accustomed to his pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently, for they told me he would die; but when day after day I returned from school and found him the same, I began to think he would be spared to me. One day when I had lost my place in the class and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful, and went into my father's chamber. He was paler than usual, but met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of ten years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. He requested me to go to the spring and bring him a pitcher of water. I pettishly asked why he did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, he said, "And will not my son bring a pitcher of water for his poor sick father?" I went

and brought him the water; but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing him as I was wont to do, I set the pitcher down on the stand, and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my father "good night;" but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale he looked, and how his voice trembled, when he said, "Will not my son bring a pitcher of water for his poor sick father?" I could not sleep, and I stole into his chamber to ask forgiveness. He had sunk into an uneasy slumber, and they told me I must not waken him. I did not tell any one what troubled me; but stole back to bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell him how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my father's room. He was dead! He never spoke to me more—never smiled on me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest on my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by his side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I then wished I could die, and be buried with him; and old as I now am, which is eighteen, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my father have lived to tell me he forgave my childish ingratitude. But I can not call him back; and when I stand by his grave, and whenever I think of his manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look he gave me, will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

THE RECHABITES.

The Rev. Joseph Wolff says: "On my arrival at Mesopotamia, some Jews that I saw there pointed me to one of the ancient Rechabites. He stood before me, wild, like an Arab, holding the bridle of his horse in his hand. I showed him the Bible in Hebrew and Arabic, which he was much rejoiced to see, as he could read both languages, but had no knowledge of the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic Bibles and Testaments, I asked him, 'Whose descendant are you?'

"Mousa," said he, boisterously, 'is my name, and I will show you who were my ancestors;' on which he immediately began to read from the 5th to the 11th verses of Jeremiah xxxv.

"Where do you reside?" said I. "Turning to Genesis x. 27, he replied, 'At Hadram, now called Simar by the Arabs; and again referring to the same chapter, verse 30th, he continued, at Mesha, now called Mecca, in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed, and live in the tents, as Jonadab, our father, commanded us: Hobab was our father, too. Come to us, and you will find us sixty thousand in number; and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled. Therefore, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever;' and saying this, Mousa, the Rechabite, mounted his horse, and fled away, and left behind a host of evidence in favor of the sacred writ."—(London) Visitor.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

E. C. Delarosa, Esq.—Sir—I feel happy in being able to report that the Temperance Societies in this country present, at the present time, very flattering aspects. We continue to receive very encouraging reports of the progress of old societies and the establishment of new ones; and altogether, we think the cause never appeared more calculated for eminent usefulness. Notwithstanding the opposition of interested persons, and the coolness and indifference manifested by the prejudiced and unreflecting, the principle of Teetotalism continues to extend its blessed influences; and we rely upon the mighty force of our principles, upon the omnipotence of truth, for our ultimate triumph in pulling down the strong holds of intemperance, and thereby removing the greatest barrier that ever obstructed the progress of human improvement. The Christian minister and the philanthropist may exert themselves to elevate the character of the people by the diffusion of religion and education, and their exertions are in the highest degree praiseworthy—but till the blighting influences of intemperance are removed, their labors will be comparatively inefficient. It is, therefore, the duty of these characters, indeed they are bound, in order to preserve their title to consistency, to come forward and lend their powerful assistance in this good cause, and the good resulting therefrom would soon be apparent. I am happy to say that many of this class of persons have already come forward, and I have no doubt the number is not far distant when a still greater number will be awakened to the necessity of uniting in this cause.

The beer-sellers are arousing themselves over the country, and are preparing petitions to parliament to remove the restrictions under which they labor, and thereby afford them more extended opportunities of carrying on their destructive and diabolical traffic. The temperate people are determined on their part, to petition parliament to abolish them in their

present character, and to restore their original one of the signaling houses, and by such an alteration render them places of public utility instead of being the greatest curses that afflict our land.—In furtherance of this object, the Preston Society held a meeting last week to agree upon a petition to that effect, which is now lying in various parts of the town for signature. We have no doubt the example will be followed all over the country.

I have great pleasure in informing you that the principle of "prevention" is becoming duly recognized with us, and that youths' societies are being formed with great success in various parts of the country.

The greatest interest is taken by temperance people in your proceedings; and the utmost eagerness exhibited in procuring what information can be obtained relative to your progress. We have only to hope that you will not relax in your exertions, but that you will go on and prosper, and that the utmost success may crown your endeavors in this glorious cause.

I am, sir, your sincere and warm friend,
HENRY BRADBERRY.
Preston Temperance Advocate Office,
April 26th, 1836.

From the American Advocate of Peace.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM HENRY JEFFREYS, Senior Chaplain of the Bombay Presidency, India, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New-York State Temperance Society:—

"Your country has the honor of inventing two of the most valuable institutions that ever blessed mankind—'The Peace Society,' and 'The Temperance Society.' At least this is my deliberate judgment respecting them, after having employed upon these two subjects all the 'thinking power' that it pleased God to give me. And if every American viewed these two societies as I do, he would join them both immediately. For Peace and Temperance are the two pillars of your fair Republic. Temperance either and she will be a Military Republic. It is a truth that is as old as time, and as new as the sun, that a nation that is intoxicated with military glory, and becomes a conquering nation, she will forge chains for herself, and her free government will degenerate into a military despotism.—And if you fail in the great cause of Temperance, and Intemperance should again rage in your country, the very soul sickness at the bare conception of what a Republic of drunkards might possibly become, and what might be the final consummation. But may God forefend such a catastrophe—may He protect America from these calamities, and may 'Peace and Temperance' spread their blessings from her eastern even to her western shores."

From Zions Herald.

REVIVALS.

Chatham, June 24, 1836.
BROTHER KINGSBURY—I rejoice that it falls to my lot to record one of the most interesting and blessed revivals of religion ever witnessed in this town; and many say that it exceeds any other revival in this region of the country.

On my arrival at this place in June last, I found the society greatly increased, and a goodly number present, and in the cause of the Lord. A number of persons revive an interest in the Sabbath School, and in the general interest in the study of the Bible. The formation of a very interesting Bible class. We soon had the satisfaction of witnessing an increase in our school, from 100 to 121 children. This seemed at once to give a new impulse to all our meetings. Our congregation was large and respectable. Some attention began to be apparent to the great interest of the soul. During the summer, fall and winter, about twenty five united with the church on probation. Old professors seemed to be more revived, and backsliders returned.

We commenced a protracted meeting on the last Tuesday morning in February. On the first week of the meeting we were kindly favored with the untiring and faithful labors of brothers J. B. Brown, Banister, Willard, Fisk, and a few occasional visits from brothers Briggs of the Congregationalist, and Lothrop of the Baptist denominations. At our first meeting, an opportunity was given for persons desirous of religion to manifest it. I think fourteen presented themselves. At every succeeding meeting the number increased who came forward, soliciting the prayers of the people of the Lord, until at least one hundred and fifty crowded their way to seats prepared for them—and there, with hearts bleeding under a sense of sins committed against the Lord, and with strong crying and tears they sought and found Him whom they had wounded. It was truly a sight over which angels could but rejoice.

On the second week of our meeting, we had but one ministering brother to help in the good work, except those abovementioned, belonging in the town. These labored untiringly and faithfully. There appeared no abatement of the work during the week. On the third week, we enjoyed the additional labors of brothers Steel and Banister, whose services will